

when we had all that tequila,  
and just enough time,  
a customer came in and bought  
everything we had. The next day  
he moved to Boston  
without paying up the rent  
or my back wages, saying he was sorry,  
he'd been cleaned out.

#### IN MY FASHION

When you arrive  
you say you'll be wearing  
something new -- a long jacket,  
belted in back, maybe  
sunglasses. I should revive  
that rose silk dress  
you liked so much, sighing, "Women  
in skirts," lifting your glass  
to a flirt, a hem rising.

Should I run or just walk  
to meet you, balance my heart on my head,  
improve our posture? I could dress  
to the teeth or to kill you, stun  
by design or carelessness.  
But in my favorite dream the bus  
hums in, you step off, squint,  
and see me striding  
across the lawn, leading a line  
of servants bearing trunks,  
which they place before you. No one  
speaks. I open each box and show you  
the clothes, all in my size,  
from lace to old flannel. You are slow  
to choose, I am getting cold, demand  
some action. With the look of a priest  
you shut the lids, dismiss the maids,  
and wrap me in your jacket. Slightly  
embarrassed, we go off hand in hand.

-- Diane Wald

Sunderland, MA